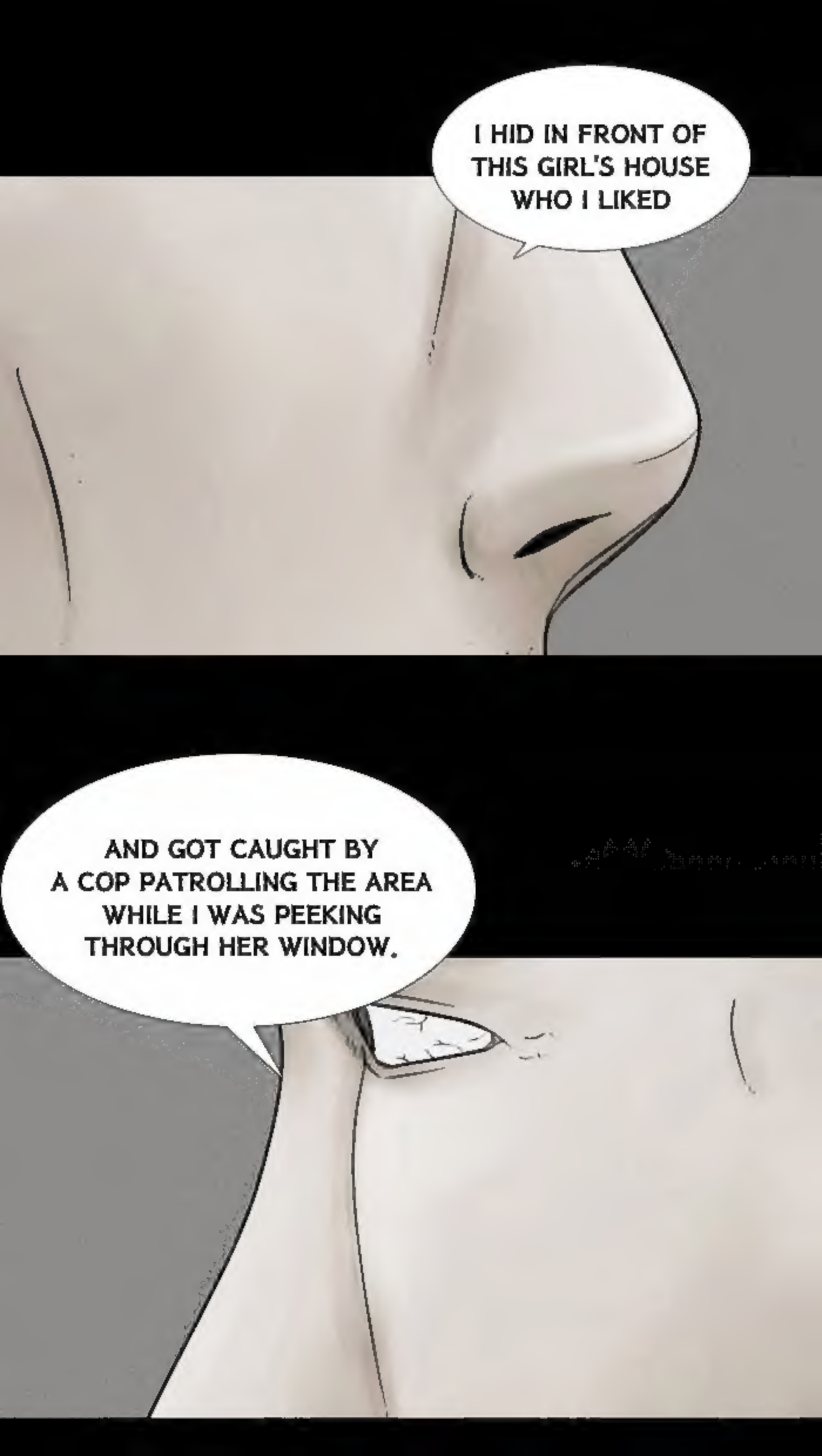
A CAT. HIS NAME WAS JINDOL.
HE WAS GREY WITH WHITE STRIPES.
HE RAN AWAY FROM HOME
WHEN I WAS IN GRADE FOUR.

THIS IS A STORY THAT I CAN'T TELL ANYONE.

STEP- STEP-

AND THE SOUND OF HIM WALKING
TOWARDS THE DOOR

ARE DOOMED TO DIE.


I HID IN FRONT OF THIS GIRL'S HOUSE WHO I LIKED
AND GOT CAUGHT BY A COP PATROLLING THE AREA WHILE I WAS PEEKING THROUGH HER WINDOW.

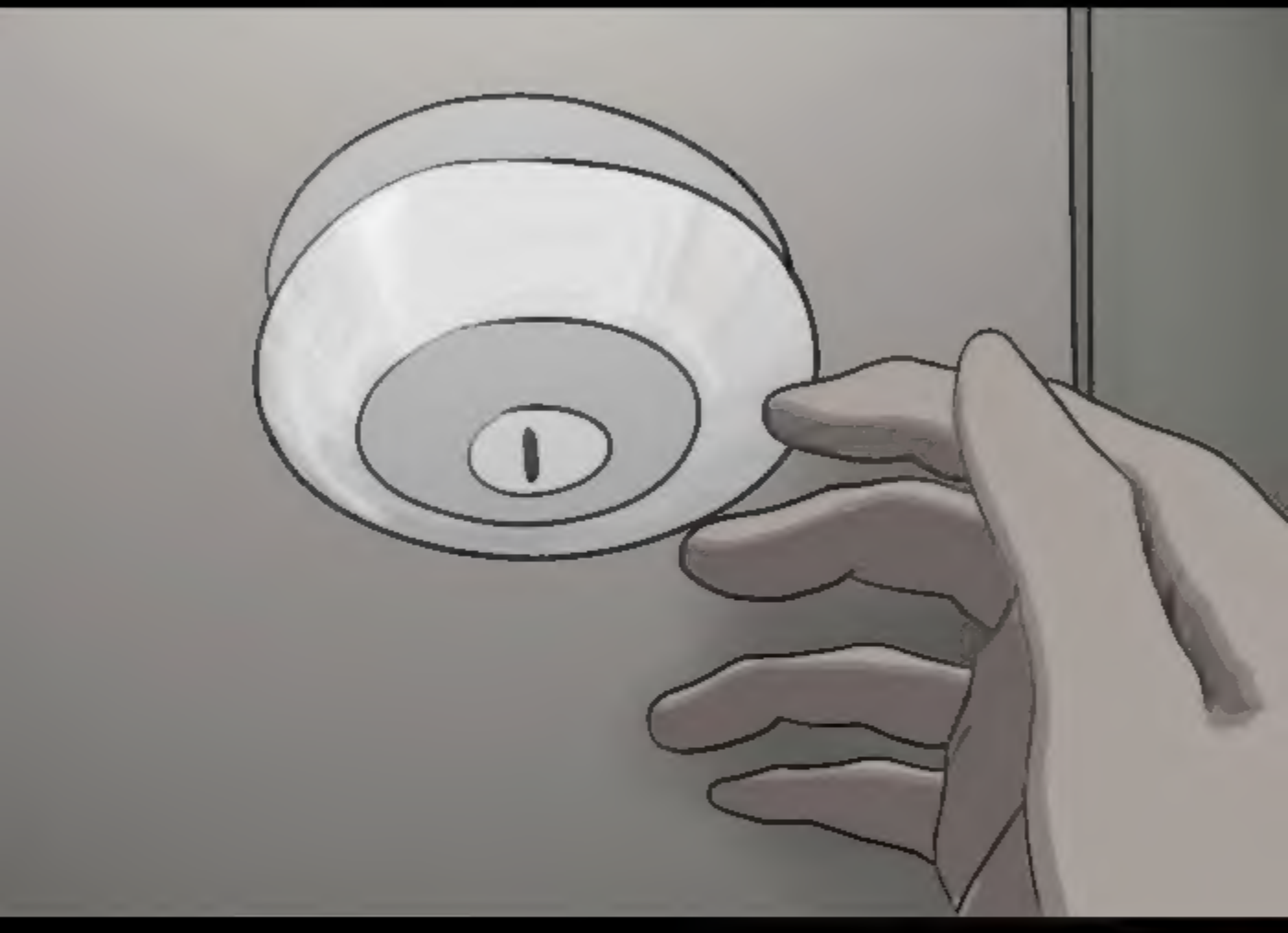
FRIDAY
FORBIDDEN TALES
禁曜日

024. DOPPELGÄNGER (1)

RIIIING- RIIIING-

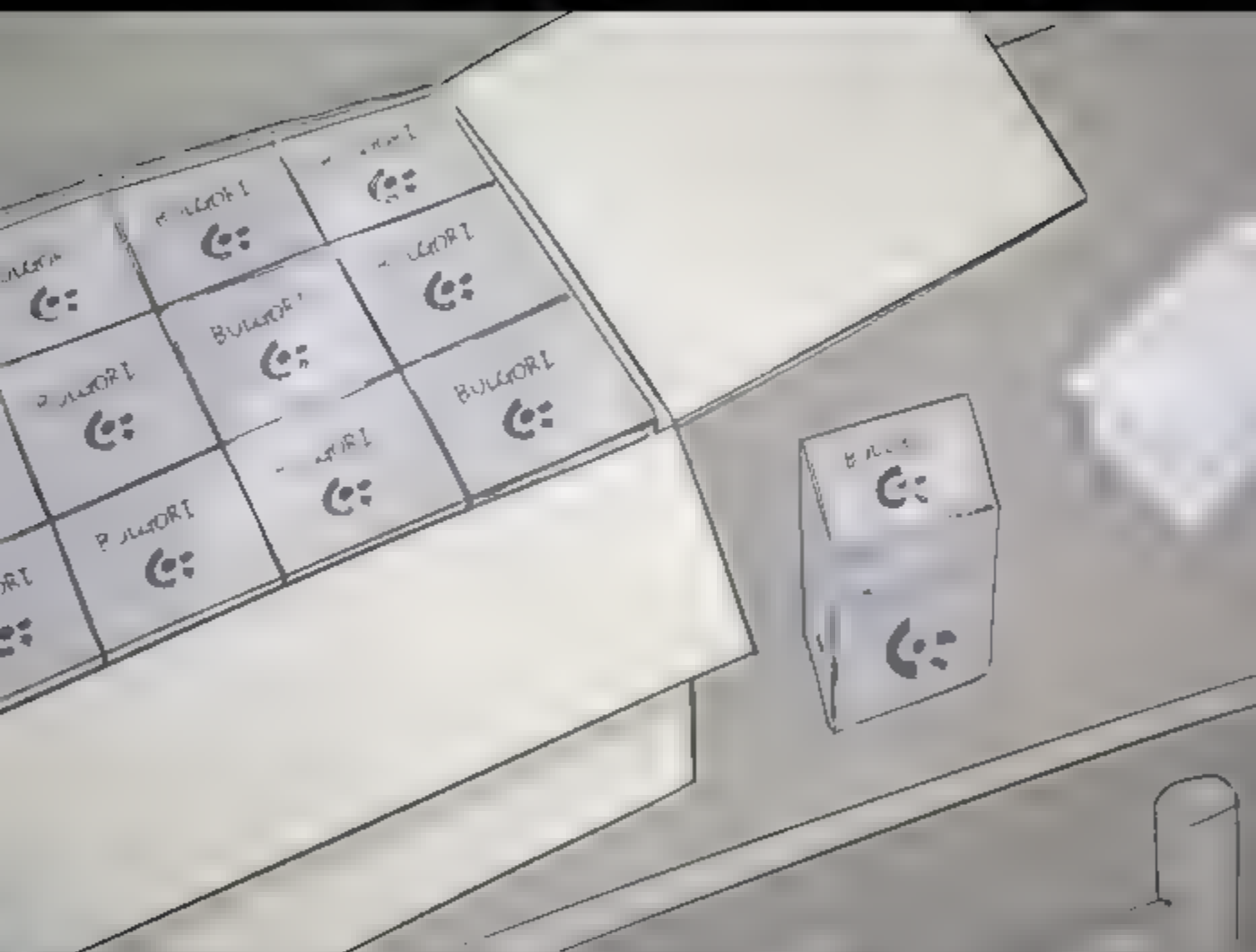
AS I SEARCHED FOR MY CELLPHONE,
I HEARD THE SOUND OF IT RINGING FROM
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.

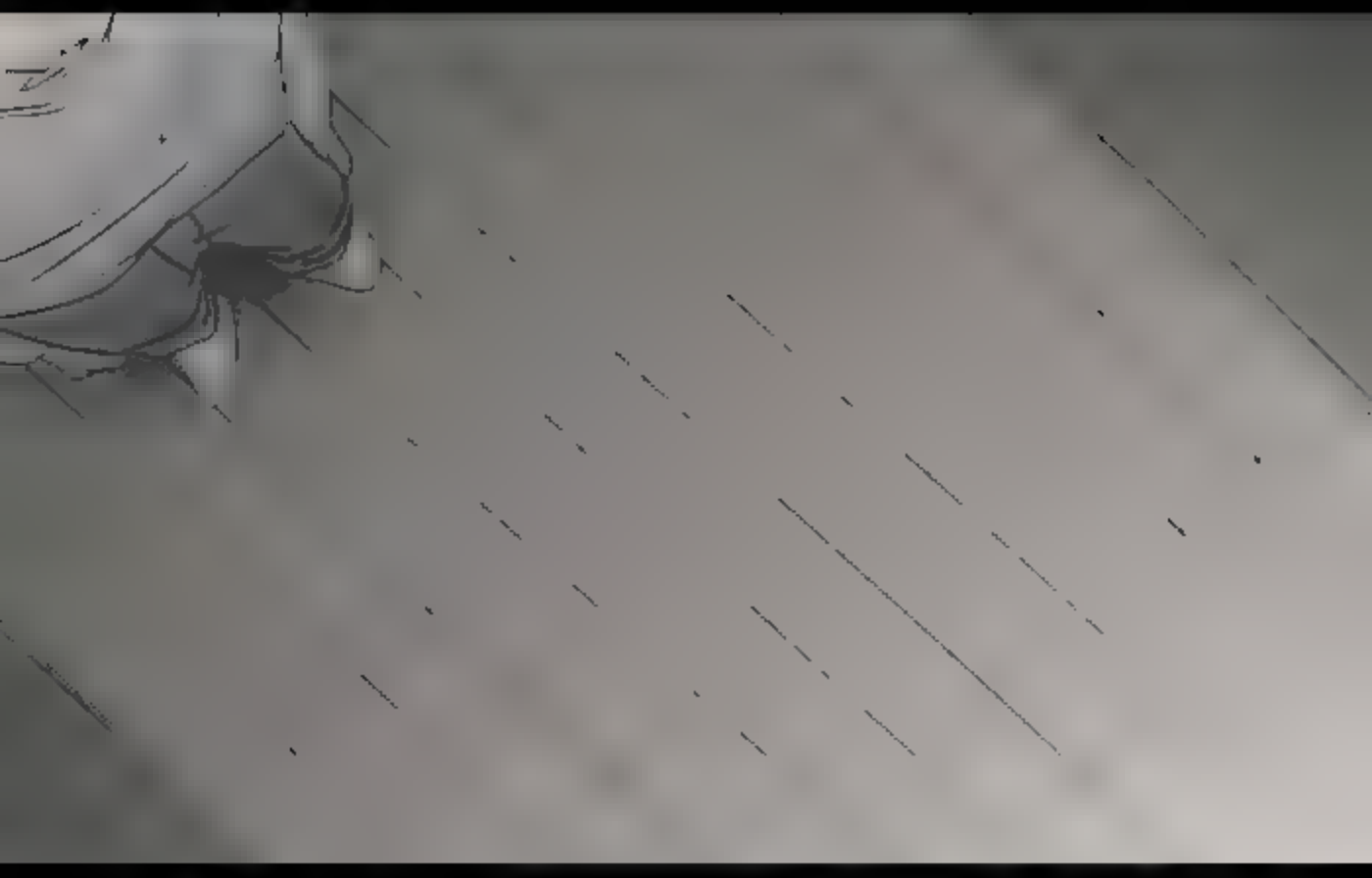
WHAT'S YOUR MOST EMBARRASSING MEMORY THAT YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ANYONE?
ONE SUMMER NIGHT, WHEN I WAS A FRESHMAN IN UNIVERSITY.



AND THE MOMENT I WAS ABOUT TO OPEN THE DOOR

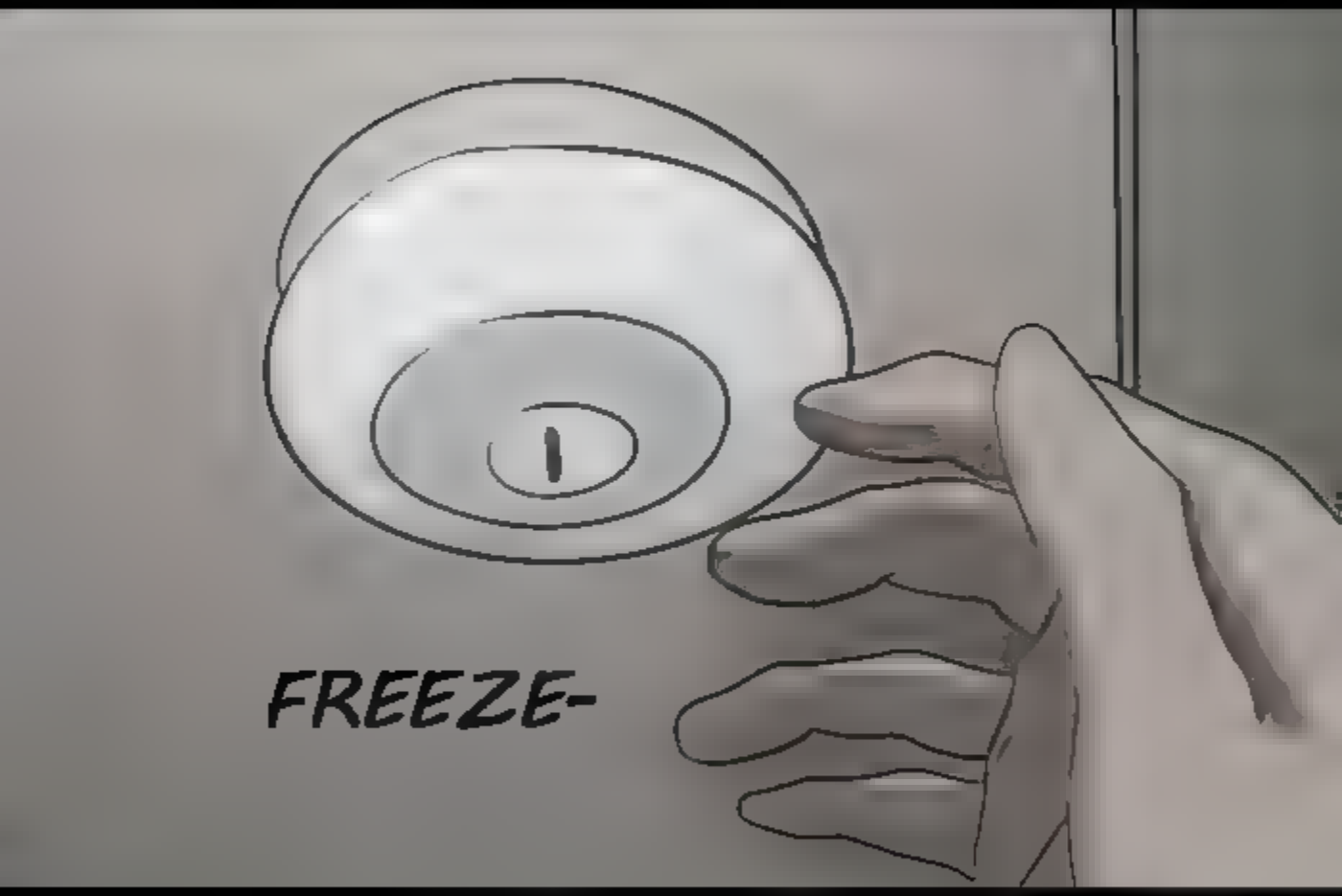
HELLO?


BULGORI
BULGORI
BULGORI
BULGORI
BULGORI
BULGORI
BULGORI



THIS IS THE CUSTOMER AND THE COLOGNE, ABOUT WHICH I HAD THOUGHT

"I'D BETTER CALL HIM AS SOON AS I GET BACK FROM THE STORE."



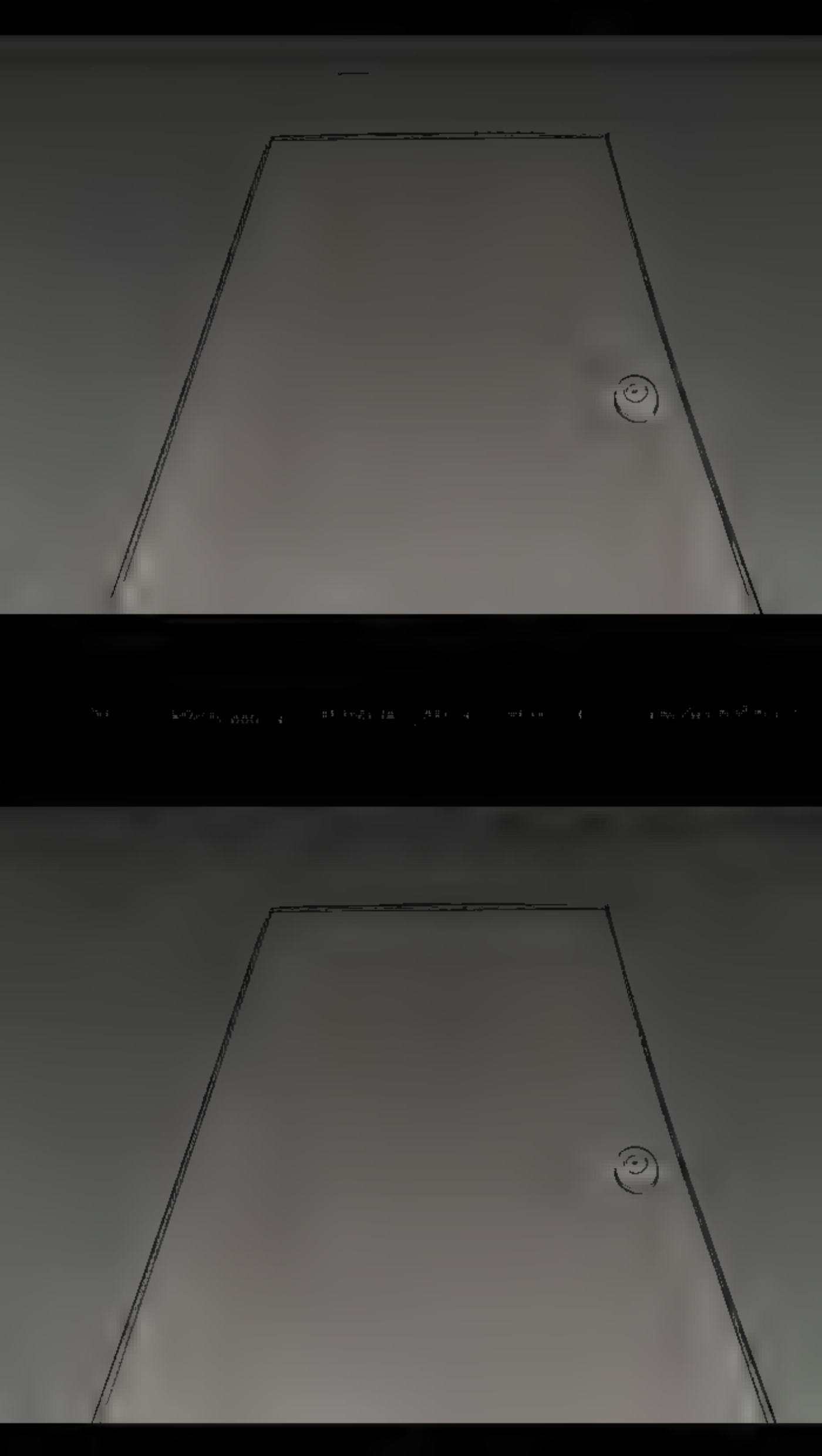
FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR,
I CLEARLY HEARD

ON THE OTHER SIDE

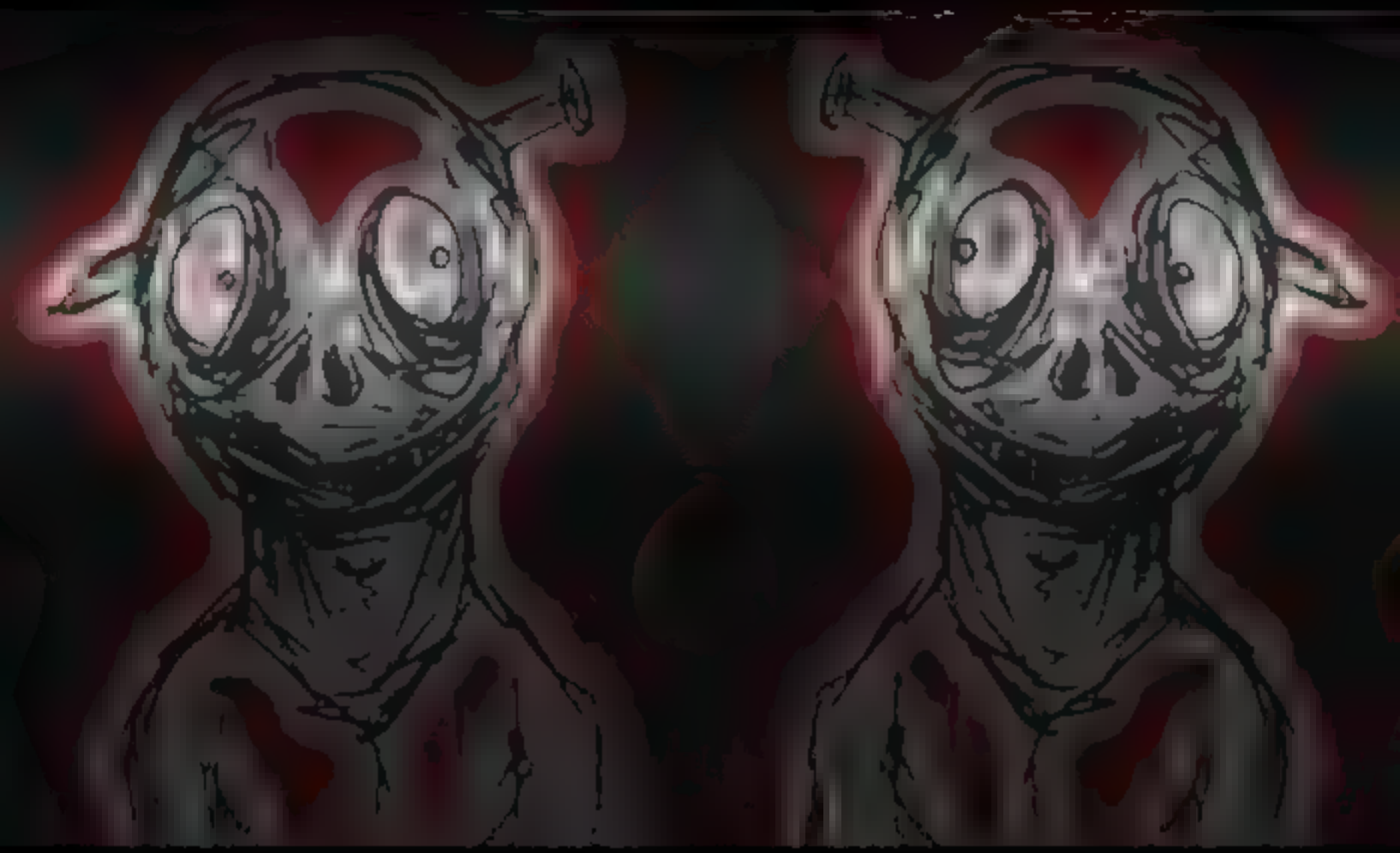
OF THAT DOOR

AND THE MOMENT I HEARD THE DOOR OPENING

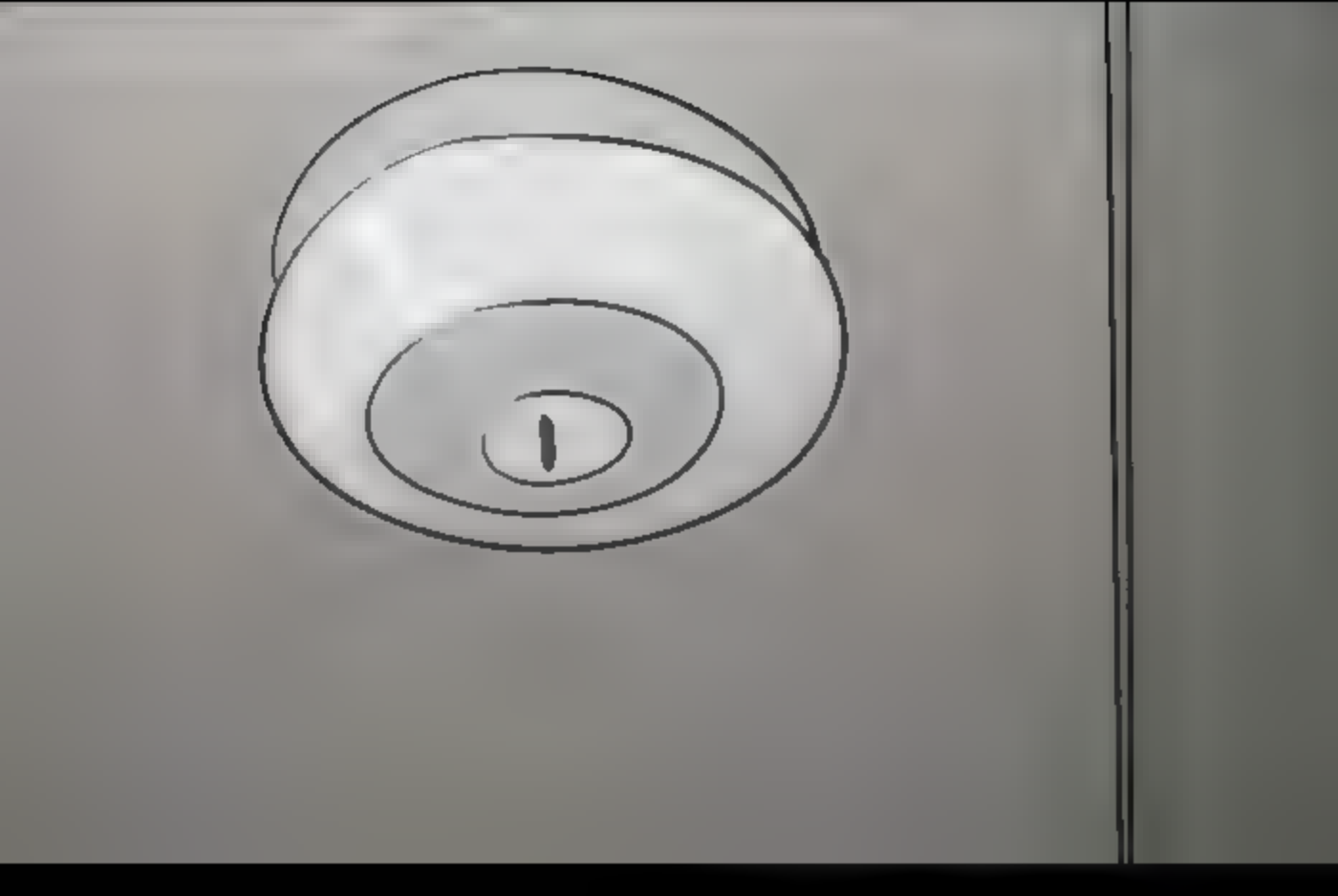
ANY FOODS THAT YOU CAN'T EAT?



AND THEY SAY THAT PEOPLE WHO
MEET THEIR OWN DOPPELGÄNGER

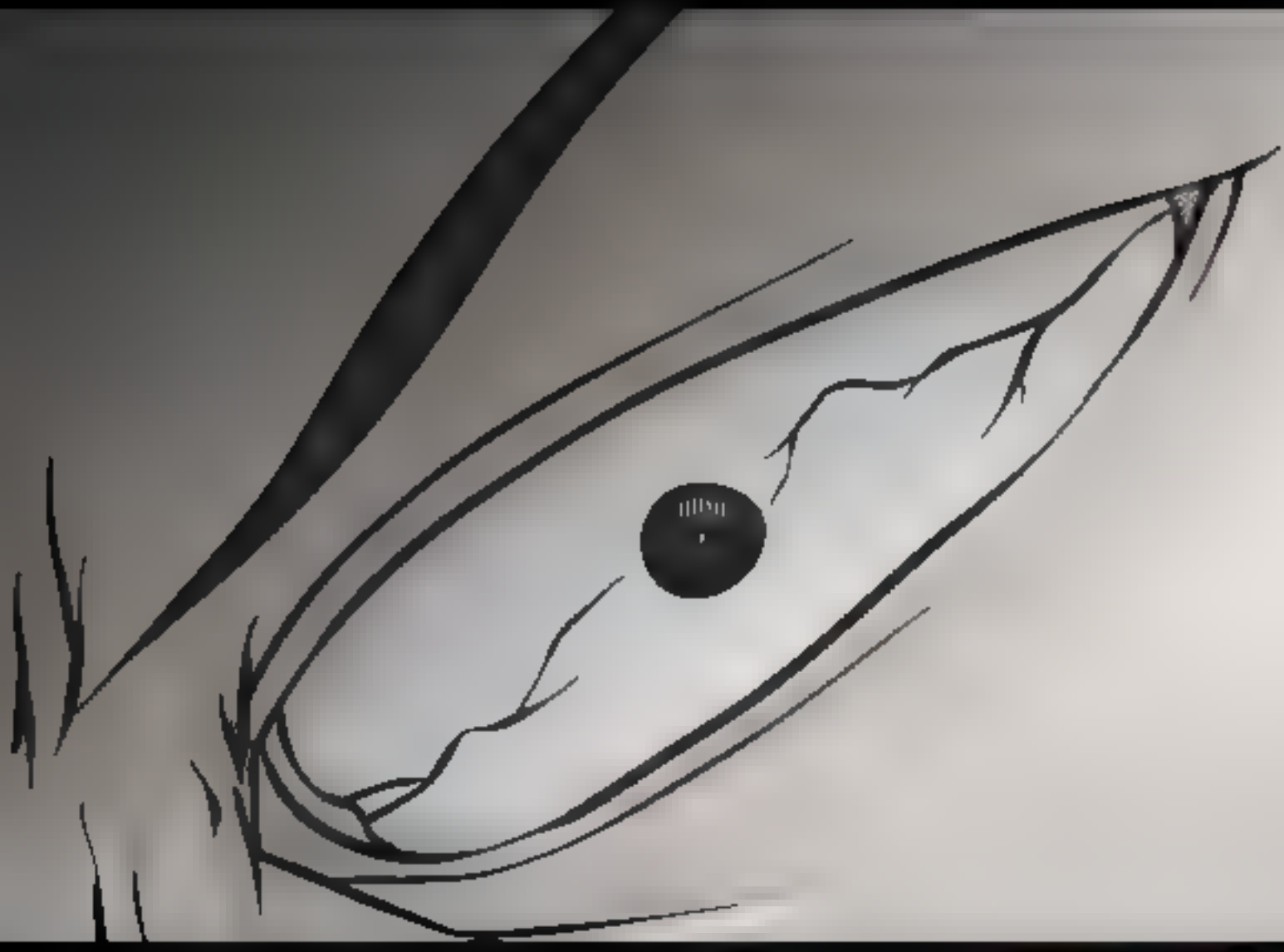


I WENT OVER TO THE STORAGE ROOM



RAW FISH. WHEN I WAS IN MIDDLE SCHOOL, I GOT ENTERITIS AFTER EATING SOME AND IT ALMOST KILLED ME. SINCE THEN, I CAN'T EVEN STAND THE LOOK OF IT.

IT'S A STORY
THAT NO ONE ELSE HAS EXPERIENCED.



BEEP

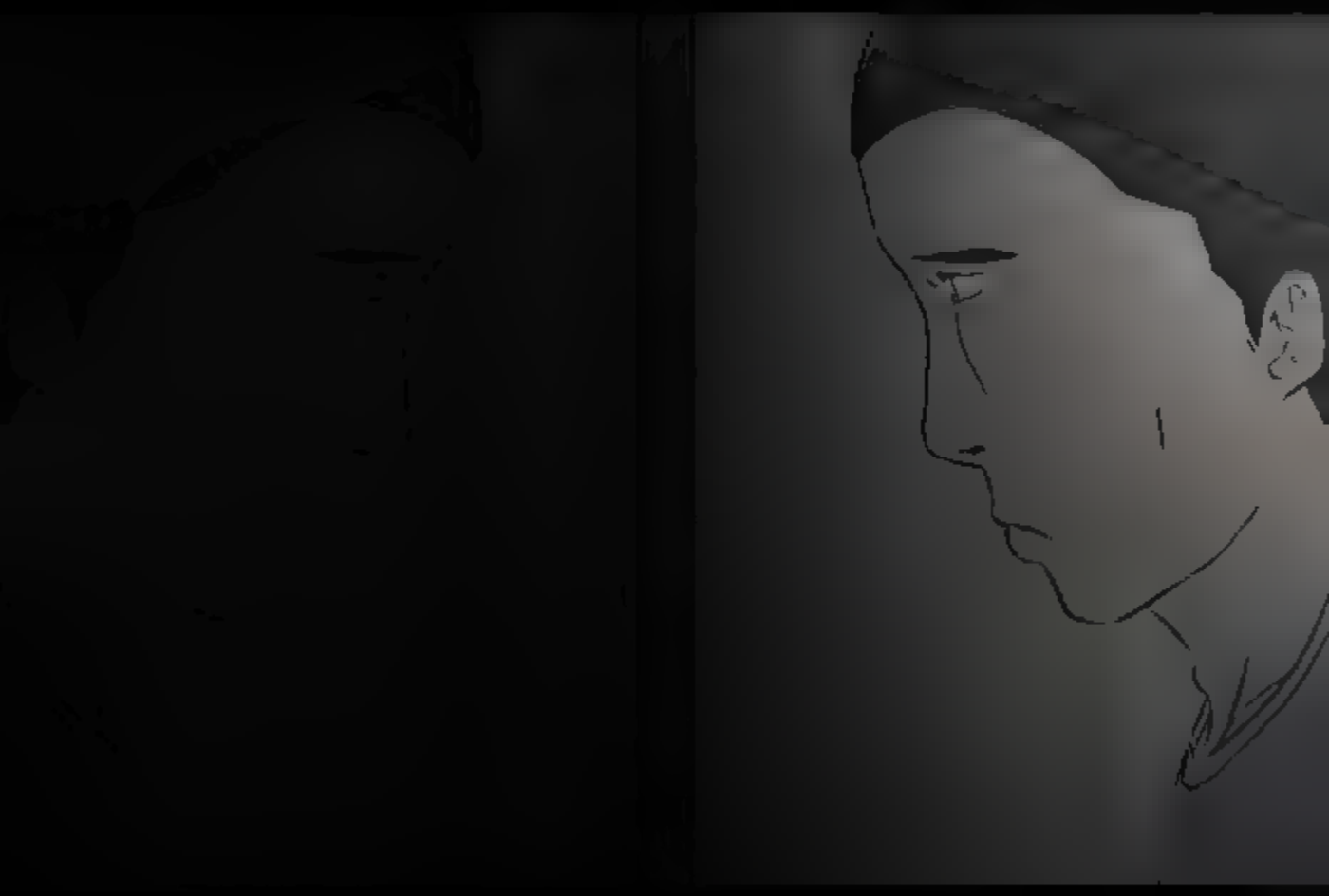
I HEARD THE SOUND OF THE CALL ENDING

THIS IS A STORY THAT NO ONE WILL BELIEVE.

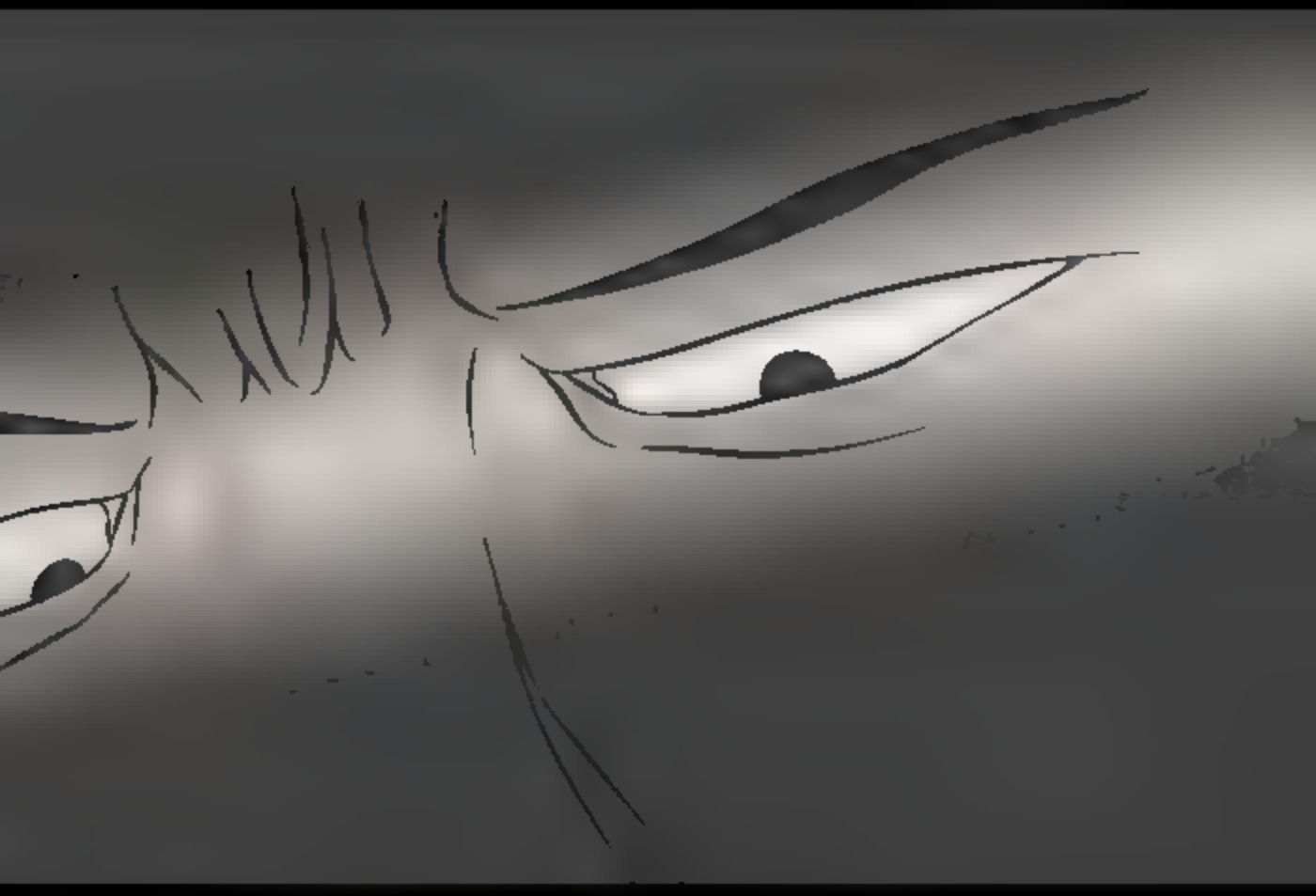
LINE Webtoon

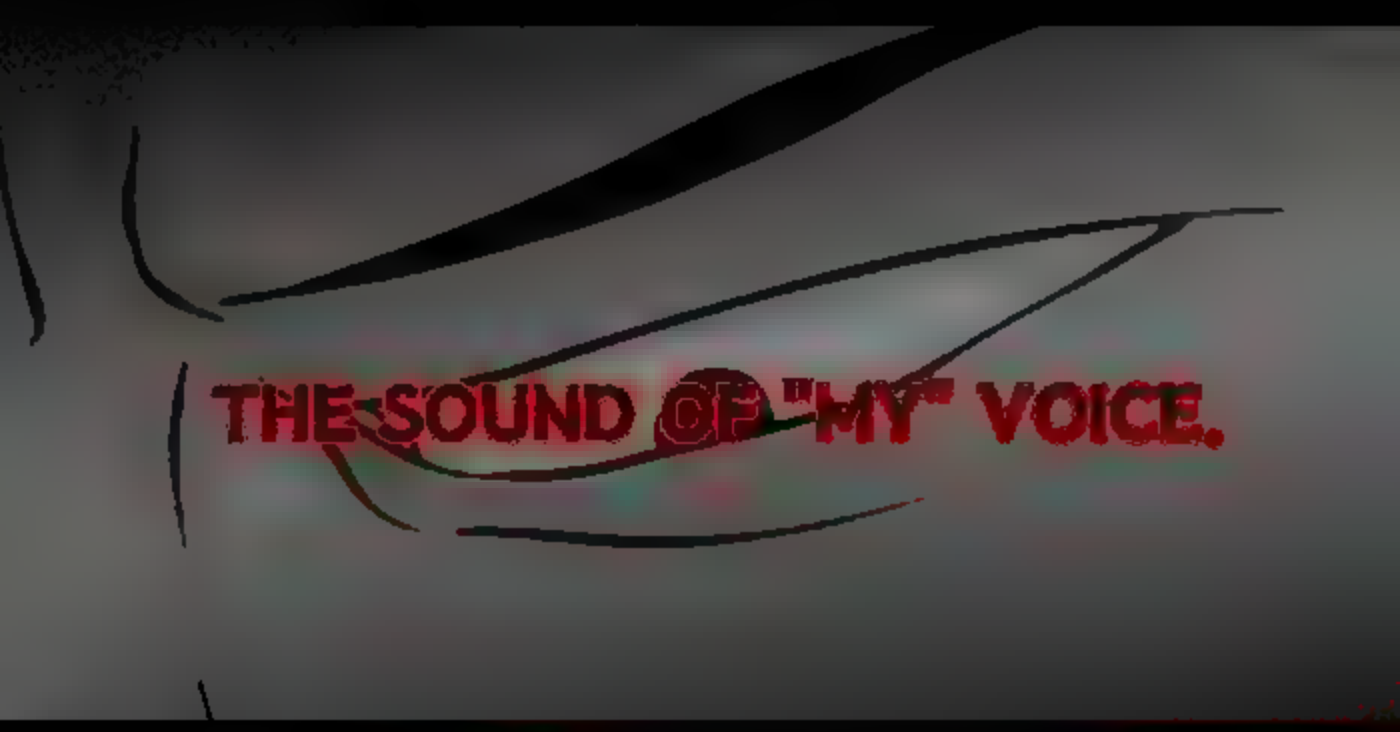
DAMN IT, WHERE DID IT GO...?
I'M SURE I PLUGGED IT INTO THIS THING...

A TERRIFYING STORY



ABOUT THE OTHER ME

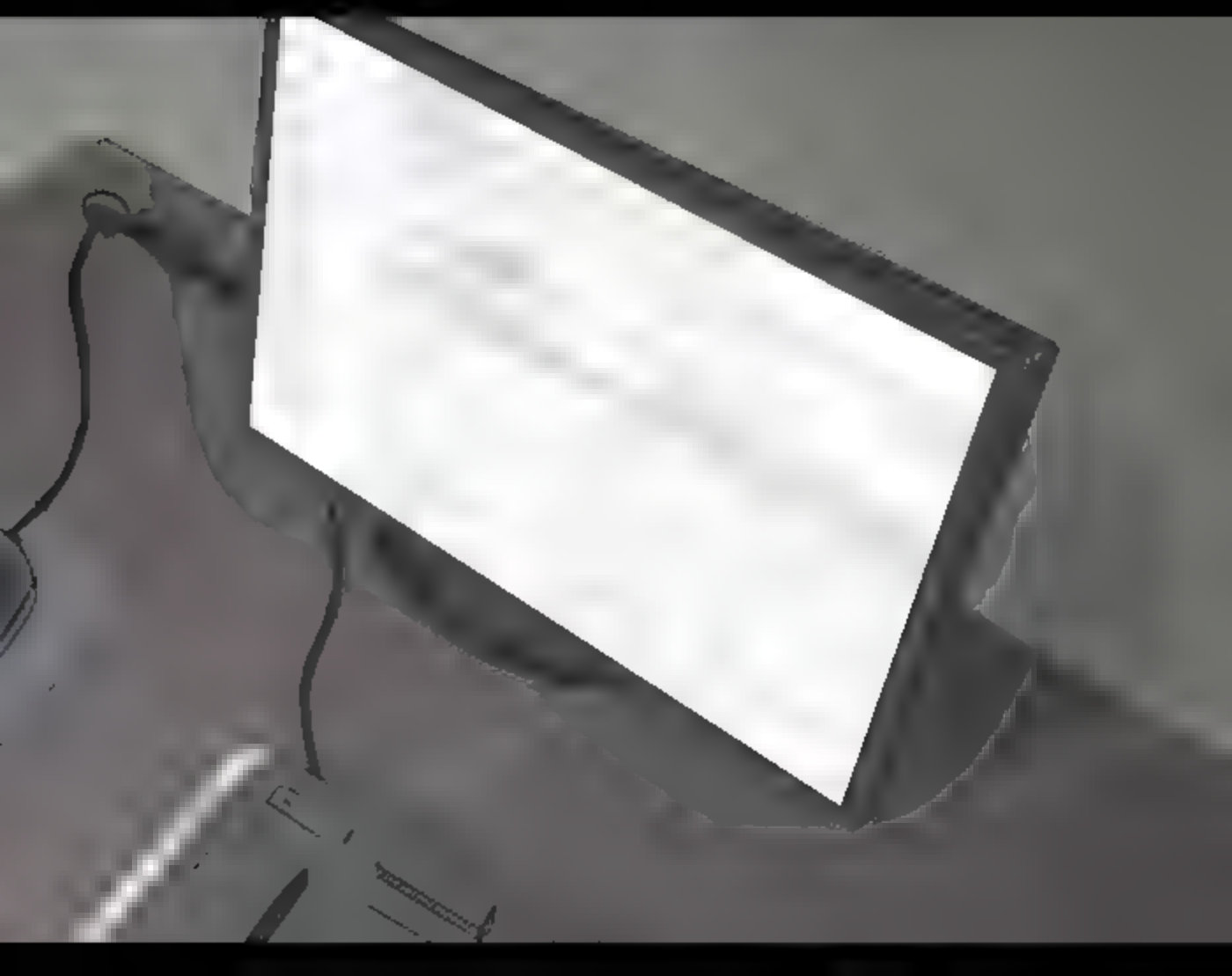


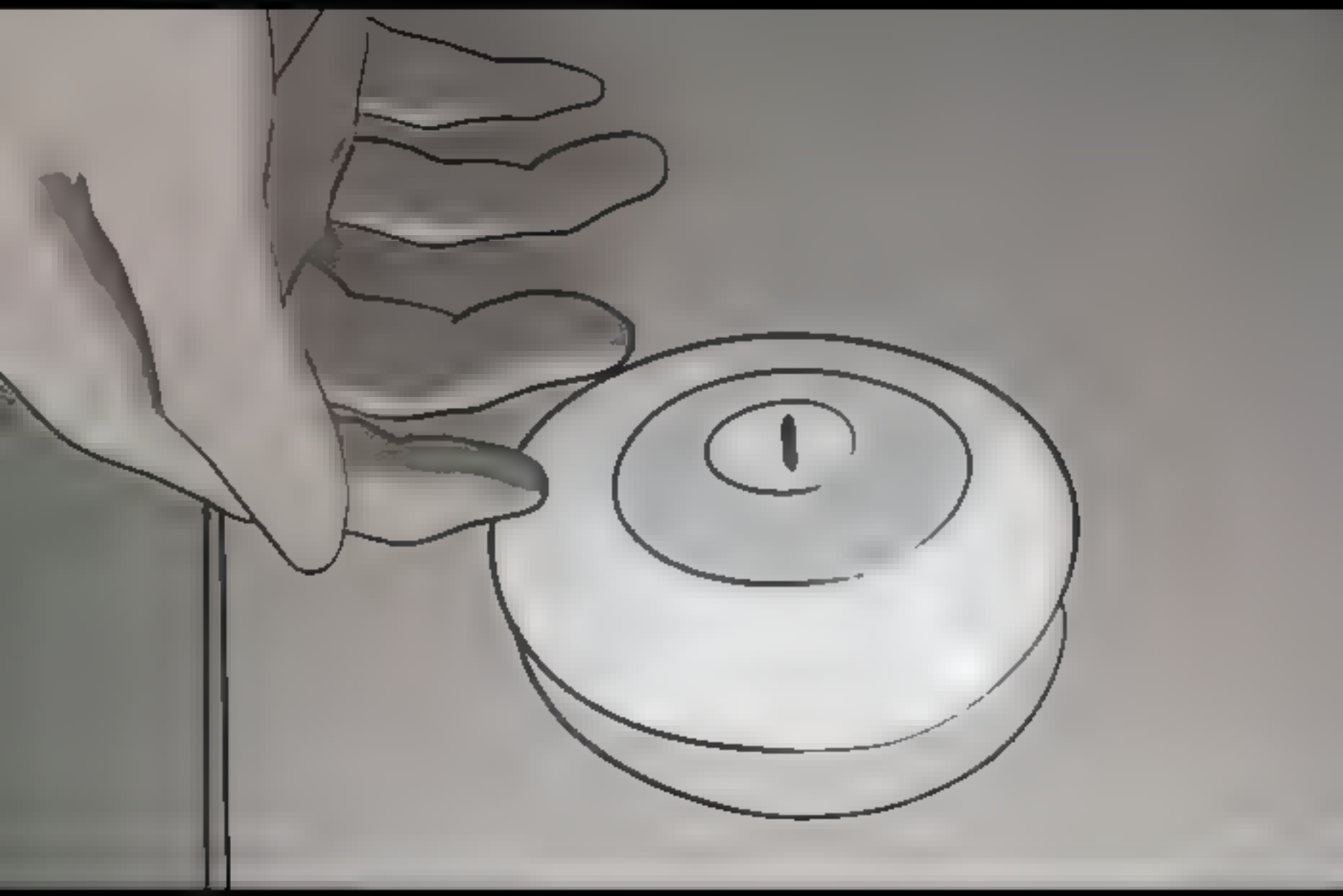


OF COURSE, IN THAT SHORT INSTANT
I DIDN'T FIGURE OUT "HIS" IDENTITY.

IT'S A STORY THAT NO ONE CAN HELP ME WITH.

DOPPELGÄNGER
SOMEONE WHO LOOKS JUST LIKE ME,
OR RATHER, IS THE EXACT SAME AS ME





FIVE SEVEN NINE

AND

ZODIAC HOMME IS THE NAME OF A COLOGNE DISCONTINUED LONG AGO.

FIVE SEVEN NINE

IS ONE OF THE CUSTOMERS
IN THE ONLINE STORE I RUN.

HE'S A VIP CUSTOMER WHO
ORDERS SEVERAL BOTTLES EVERY MONTH

AND WITH WHOM I DEAL WITH
ON A ONE-ON-ONE BASIS.

WHO?

WHO... AM I?

WHO ARE YOU

THERE MAY NOT BE ANY NAME FOR
THIS OBJECTIFIED FORM OF "ME" IN THE WORLD,

BUT FOR THE SAKE OF CONVENIENCE,
IF I CALL "ME" "HIM,"

IT WAS JUST A FEW DAYS AGO THAT
I FOUND OUT ABOUT "HIS" EXISTENCE.

AND THEN

W-WHO ARE YOU?

BECAUSE IN THAT MOMENT,

INSTEAD OF FINDING IT STRANGE
THAT I HAD JUST HEARD MY OWN VOICE,

I WAS FAR MORE AFRAID THAT
SOMEONE HAD BROKEN INTO MY HOUSE AND
WAS USING MY PHONE.

TO ASK ME THAT?

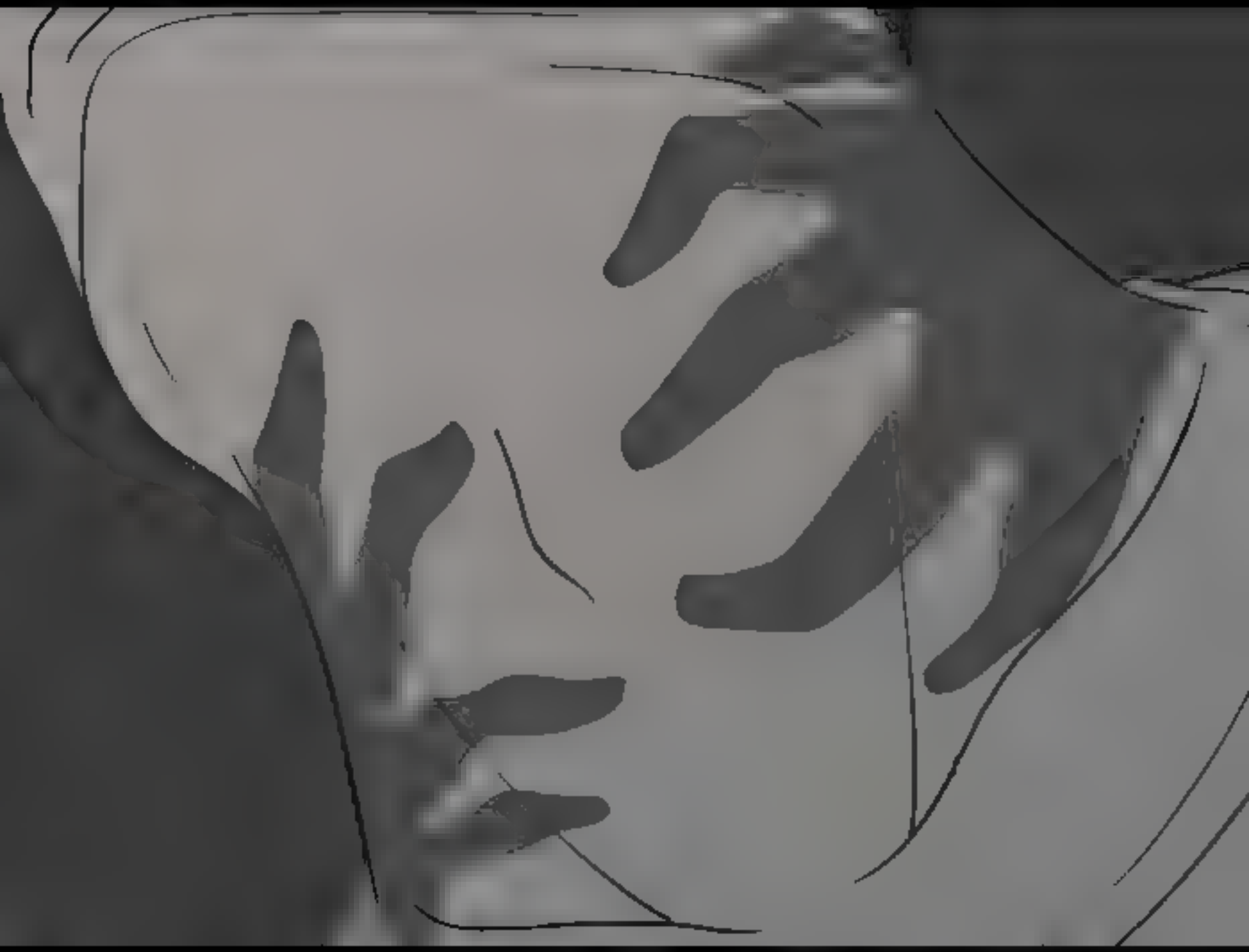
I THOUGHT THAT SOMEONE MIGHT ASK FOR IT LATER,

SO I HID IT DEEP WITHIN MY STORAGEROOM.

SUDDENLY I WONDERED, "WHO COULD IT BE?"

THE SUDDEN SENSE OF DISHARMONY AND
CREEPING FEAR FELT LIKE THEY WERE CHOKING ME.

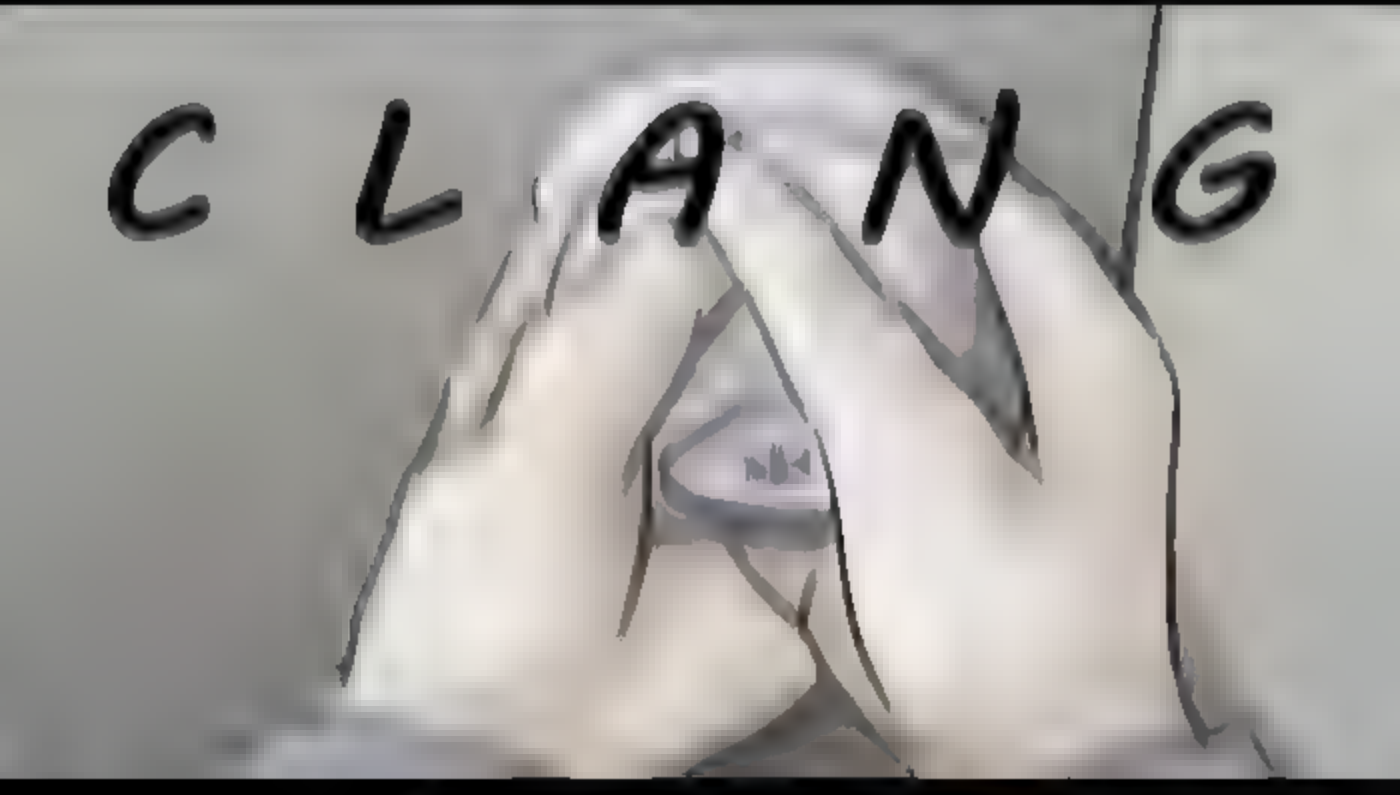
FIVE SEVEN NINE...
FIVE SEVEN NINE?



IN AN INSTANT,
ONE WORD PASSED THROUGH MY MIND.

I CONFIRMED ONCE AGAIN
THAT IT WAS..... "MY VOICE"

I INSTINCTIVELY RAN TO HIDE SOMEWHERE.



TO BE CONTINUED

THIS CONTENT HAS BEEN PUBLISHED WITH THE SUPPORT OF THE MANHWA MANAGEMENT DIVISION OF THE KOREA CREATIVE CONTENT AGENCY

CALMLY, I QUIETLY BACKED AWAY FROM THE DOOR

TO LOOK FOR SOMETHING TO USE AS A WEAPON.

BUT AT THAT MOMENT

SLIP

SLIP

WHAT KINDA PET DID YOU HAVE IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL?